
Title: Lysander's Notebook

Author: L. Gathenwale

Day Seven:

The Sewel woman
pratters on endlessly. And
she dares to speak Thy
Name, Master! I wish so
vehemently to take a
knife to that little neck
of hers. She struts
around the chambers of
Thy Sanctum with her
repugnant airs, her
scholarly conjecture on
this or that. That I could
peel the skin from her
face and show her how
vile and ugly she truly is,
how unworthy of entrance
to Thy Sanctum. I must
take her, Master. I must
rend that little wench to
pieces. I ask this gift of
Thee, that I might cleanse
Thy Sanctum of her
presence. Give me the
Sewel woman and I shall
show you my mastery of
Death, Master. I shall cut
her to bits and scatter
them before the others
as a warning. I cannot
stand her presence, I
cannot abide it. And
Drummel! He is a pustule
that must be lanced, a
sickness that I must cure
by blade and fire. Not a
trace of him will be left
when I'm done with him.
Praises to Thee, Master.
I shall honor Thee with
many sacrifices, soon
enough.